

PS

2583

P3J6



LIBRARY OF CONGRESS.

PS 2583

Chap. Copyright No.

Shelf. P3 J6

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

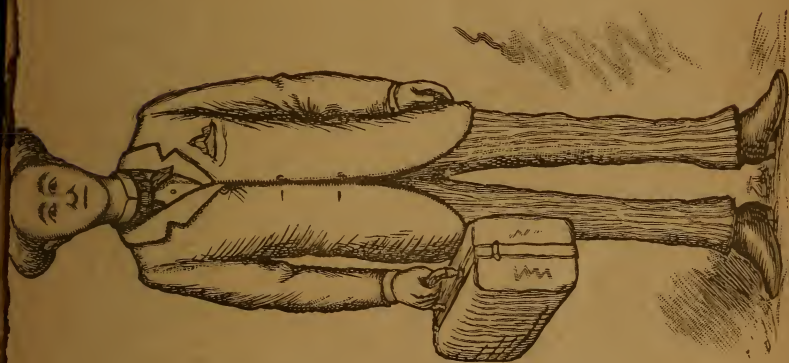




JOE'S EXCURSION



"He's tall and beardless and 'bout twenty-two,

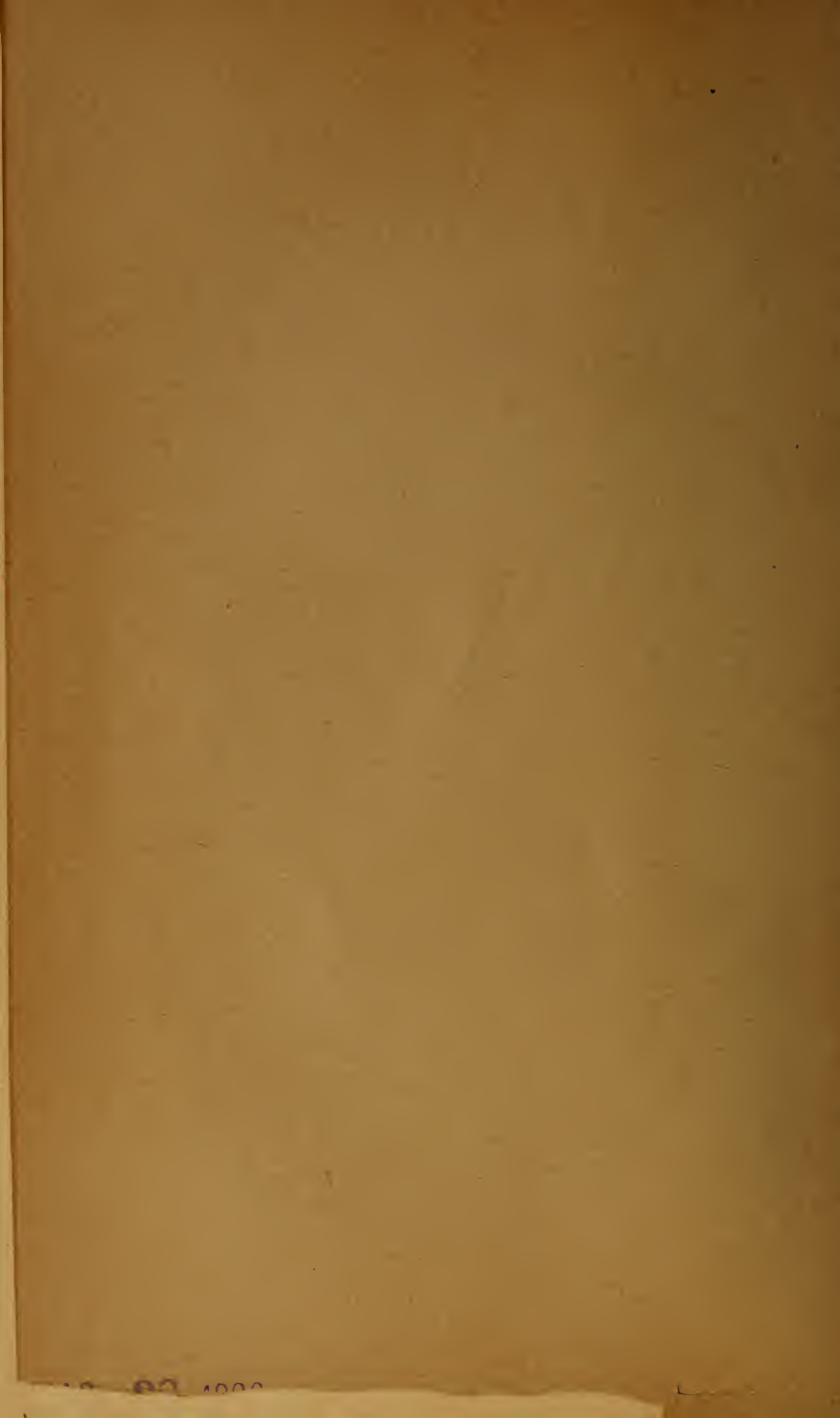


"He's fresh from the farm, and seems rather new.



BY

A. D. Pickereau.



JOEL'S EXCURSION.

A POEM.

BY

33 *school*
P. Pichereau
A. P. PICHEREAU,

AUTHOR AND PUBLISHER,

GALESBURG, : : : : : ILLINOIS.



GALESBURG, ILL.:
PLAINDEALER PRINTING COMPANY,
1886.
5

PS 2583
P3 J6

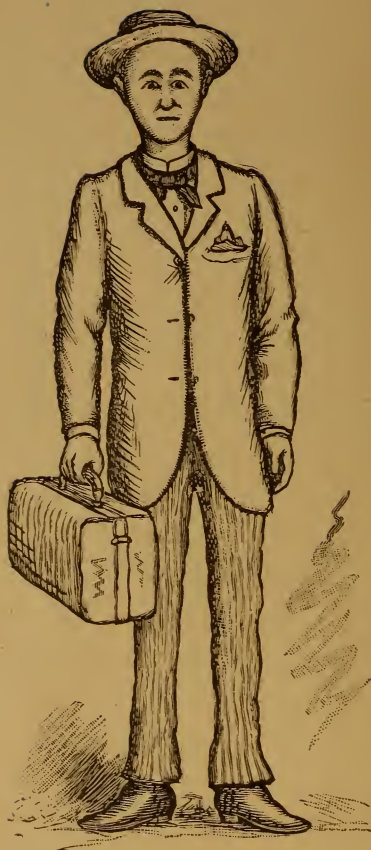
COPYRIGHT 1886
BY A. P. PICHEREAU.
ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.

To the relatives and friends of
JOEL BLOOMER,
this Poem is respectfully dedicated.

Yours truly,

A. P. PICHEREAU.

GALESBURG, ILL., March 28, 1886.



JOEL BLOOMER.

JOEL'S EXCURSION.

EN ROUTE.

"I'm boun' for the East!" was Joel's reply
To questions put to him by one near by,
"I'm for the Falls where rivers do tumble
And roar like thunder's terrible rumble!
I'm boun' for a view from every point round,
I'm boun' for a walk 'neath water and ground.
It's hot here!" he said, as on a near seat
He rested the hides that covered his feet,
"I'd rather be home, at work on dad's farm,
Than riding 'long here, afearing some harm—
What if the engine would go off the track
And roll down that bank this car on its back;
What if in the smash I'd get a bad scratch:

Wouldn't Bess, when she heard it, get a new
catch?

She would, you may bet, for when I did leave
I saw her, I know, take Nute Bender's sleeve.
What frailty there is in girls about home!
I mean to find some one, while I do roam,
Some sweet gentle angel as white as snow,
Who at my proposal will marry Joe.
Then home we will go to dad and mam's place,
With bundles and trunks, perfumery and lace;
Then wor.'t the boys "Oh!" and won't the girls
"My!"

And Bess to her closet will haste to cry.
What neighbor, you say you don't like to hear
Such talk from this chap? Well, maybe it's
dear.

You say that, 'the lake we see on our left'
Is: let's see, 'Erie, where storms have bereft
Whole cities of families, of some loved one,
A father or mother, daughter or son?
'Tis 'Eric' you say, 'and its waters flow,
By way of Niagara to depths below;
Where whirling, dashing and splashing of spray
Is heard and is seen long distance away?'
Well, may it be so, and you mark that Joe

Will soon hear the sound of that gushing flow.
I'll hear it, nor fear it"—"Next stop Buf'lo!"
Cried out the conductor, at which young Joe
Braced up on his seat, gazed out and about,
And to us he said: "I guess I'll get out.
I'll hunt for a lunch, you say there is time;
"For here we will stay one minute and nine."
Ten minutes! enough: I ask for no more.
The train stops—I leave my grip here in store,
I'll run to that lunch room, and when I'm fed,
You'll see me again." Away then he sped.

No short steps, I tell you, did young Joe take;
He pawed through the crowd and clawed like
a rake,
Veils, spectacles, hats, caps, bonnets and shawls,
Lay where the owners arose from their sprawls.
On Joel continued, and as for me,
I followed quickly: just so I might see;
What would the end be; what would he there
do;
Ere his lunch ended or when he was through.
Soon I arrived at the door, and for Joe,
He was absorbing there, not very slow,
Biscuits and ham, chicken, coffee and bread,

Radish and onion, and what I have said,
Is but a part of what Joe took in;
The pickles and pies he punished like sin,
Until his train moved. On, on it did start,
When Joel, hatless, for it made a dart,
A yelling, "Stop! Stop!!" as onward he ran;
The train still increased its speed as it can:
A fourth of a mile these racers had sped,
When Joe overtakes what once was ahead.
He climbs on and when aboard, it moves slow,
Then stops, and then backs, from where it did
go,
Where three hearty cheers were given for Joe,
The youth from the farm on foot "not so slow,"
Who passed to the lunch room, baggage in
hand:
To settle a bill, of no small demand,
And look for the hat he'd left in his haste:
Which happened to be not found in its place.
When found and bill paid, Joe shed his warm
coat,
Then, with his handkerchief sought out a mote
That struck in his eye, while after the train,
Where fell soot and cinders like hail and rain.
With handkerchief moist, he wiped off the
sweat

That came to his brow from worry and fret,
Then off for the train, he journeyed again,
Passed gawking and chuckling women and
men:

Shook hands with a pard he here left behind,
And into the car he clumsily climbed,
Where some one spoke out, just what we had
thought:

"A country lad here may find it quite hot;
For in a new course, by other men seen,
The fact is just this: he seems very green.
'Tis so with a town chap; send him to plow—
I bet ten to one, he'll say to you—How?
'Tis so with us all, the old rule is true:
"What we have most done, that, we can best do."

AT THE FALLS.

"Hould on there, ye baste, ye're no gentlemon,
To shove an ould lady wid your big hon!
Hould on, ye ruffen, lave go of me shall!
Have I not some rights! Bedad I will call
And have ye arristed!" So rattled fast.
The tongue of a woman, who had been passed
By a big fellow, the country chap Joe,

Who was a sailing with baggage in tow,
Out from the door of the car in great haste,
With not a word spoken, till he had placed
Himself and luggage in the hot sun.
Then he did speak, and said he: "That One,
Of merciful kindness, has thus far brought
Me, all this distance from home: so I ought
Thank Him for His care; for I've received some,
Since the first day of my journey did come:
At one time I rode off on the wrong train:
Another time pounded with a big cane:
Another time hurried was I at dinner,
And O, that time I 'scaped from that sinner.

Well: now I am here; but where are the falls?
I cannot hear them: those hackmen's loud calls
Would drown out the noise of thunder and
flood—

I'd like to know where that water does scud?
Nute Bender told me when here I'd see all,
And more than I wished of that waterfall."
So saying, Joe foots it after the crowd,
The while he still chatters with a voice loud
To an old fellow with deaf brain or ear,
Whom Joel's speeches seems not all to hear,

"Good bye, Joe!" a man by my side cried loud
As the 'bus we were in sped by a crowd,
And I for the last took one look again,
And said to myself "The boy's amongst men,
This may be the last I ever shall know,
Of that chap so fast, but yet very slow:
What end he will meet, I hardly can see;
For fast men will trip him, and women be
Right onto his heels, to make him stumble,
And smile at the "mash" of his sad tumble."

The night has been passed and morning has
come.

The sun mounts on high, while sounds the low
hum,

The rumble, the tumble and distant roar,
Like breakers at play on some lonely shore,
I call to my chum, who would sleep 'till noon:
"Wake up boy you'd better be getting out soon!
We'll take in the falls to-day, if you will,
As soon as the air, this agueish chill,
Will shake to the ground, or take it away,
And leave us both dry air and a fair day.
I want to go down to the park, and o'er
In that small ferry boat, cross to the shore,
Where we will stand upon Johnny Bull's land,

There Uncle Sam will shake Johnny's fair hand;
There we will view all the grand scenes about:
There from the "Pilot House" we will look out.
O, it will be sport to go 'neath the falls,
There will be "options," some "puts" and loud
"calls."

Come now, bestir yourself, and we'll away,
Off soon for the falls, this morn of this day!"
Ere long we were off, and to Prospect Park
Our footsteps were turned, and as we did mark
The loafers and trav'lers 'bout the gateway,
We passed in, and there, you hear what I say!
And there, just before us, what do you think?
Two lovers were seated, close by the brink
Of that green river that rapidly flows
And bubbles, and rolls, and whirling still goes.
There peacefully seated were the sick twain,
She sighed and he sighed, and she sighed again.
She was of late fashion, pretty and sweet,
So you would think, should you carelessly meet
This pretty charmer, who had learned the art
Of trapping a man or wrecking a heart.
Just why I should doubt or question her truth
I cannot just tell; but you know from youth,
That ugly suspicions grow with the best,
And oft make us worry when we should rest.

The maid she was fair, the maid she was young;
She had a fine mouth, and as for her tongue,
It was as glib as it ever can be;
Checks like the white blushing rose you could
see;

Eyes with a bright twinkle such as you find
Among the most charming of woman kind;
Form like the Venus the Grecians adored;
Teeth of the whitest had been closely stored,
So even and straight, just back of those lips,
So ruby like; yet, yet never their tips
Had ever a man in shape of a lover,
Pressed to his lips. Now you would discover,
Why I speak so about this fair maiden,
If you had heard her story, so laden
With what seemed the truth, with virtue and all
The goodness of Eve preceding the fall
We look at the swain who sits by her side,
He don't seem to gush or swell with much pride,
He's tall, and beardless, and 'bout twenty-two:
He's fresh from the farm, and seems rather new:
He talks 'bout the horses and 'bout "dad's cows,"
He sings to her songs he sings when he ploughs,
He tells of his "eighty acres or more
That dad in his kindness lately gave o'er

To set me agoing in the right way
That never pans out, till after the day
A young man is married, so dad has said,
And you bet that my dad has a good head."
To that, the fair maid warbled this ditty,
Which happy Joel thought "awful pretty:"

 "Not—O sweet Oliver,
 O brave Oliver,
Leave me not behi' thee:
 But—Wind away,
 Begone—I say,
 I will not to wedding wi' thee."

That's courting, we thought, and so turned away,
Not wishing to meddle or with them stay:
"The day is advancing, and Joe's at ease!"
So saying, we left him, left him to tease.

We went to the point called Prospect, and then
Down the rock bank with women and men,
By way of the car on road "inclined plane,"
From there to the cave, and when out again,
We ferried the river and climbed the bank,
And wandered all over Johnny Bull's flank.
We went on the bridges, and saw below,
The whirl-pools and eddies coming and go

In that wild rushing and mad flowing stream,
Which 'neath the sun's light did quiver and
gleam.

We went down the bank by stairways and paths,
And then 'neath the falls 'mid whirling spray
baths;

Then stood to reflect, and wonder how time,
Did finish this work so grand and sublime?
We gazed from that depth to heavens near by,
And saw many rain-bows spanning the sky.
Then leaving those scenes by paths steep and
high,

We went on our way; but oft cast an eye
Back on the grand scenes from which we had
come,

Where falls a great river with roar and hum.
We crossed by the foot-bridge, o'er that great
main:

Some hundreds of feet, suspended by chain
Of rope made of wire, big, strong and so long,
So many, so firm, that naught ever goes wrong.
When over the bridge and done with the falls,
We next went where pleasure or duty calls.
And Joel we left, perhaps to be sold,
Or cheated by getting pure brass for gold.

My chum said: "Ha, ha! he'll learn by and by,
That birds of most worth don't always fly high.
A rule of some worth young Joe will find true,
Which says, 'be cautious in ways that are new.'"

RETURNS FROM THE FALLS.

'Tis from day to day and week after week
That time passes by; while we all do seek
A new field of joy, of business or care:
Which by what has past, we oft do compare.

A year had gone by since I at the Falls,
Had left the boy Joel; when to his calls:
I went in some haste. The scene was in court.
No foolishness there or gay lovers' sport
Was brewing: for Joel's honeymoon's o'er
And his entanglements cut to love's core;
And worry the young man, who had so caught;
Or been caught, just which, is what is now
sought.

When you know the facts, you may see the pelf
And judge for yourself who's laid on the shelf.

The scene was in court—as I have just said—
And this was the cause, as I heard it read,

And knew it to be: I knew it was thus;
For I to that date had known of the muss.
The suit was at B. located in I.
The plaintiff was Mrs. Jane Bloomer, and by
Way of contestant: Joe was to defend,
'Gainst an ejectment suit; or to amend
Some of the breaks that his ignorance made
While at Niagara, when he did trade
With a gay maid who loved but—for—money;
While Joel loved: not else but—his—Honey.
I speak as I think, just what you'll conclude
May be not thusly; for thus spoke a dude:
"I know uv that mash, and say Jane's all rite,
Fur sich dissemblurs shud keep out uv site."
But listen, please listen to Joe's complaint.
And when he is done; just see if a taint
Of falsehood came from his lips, or a word,
You think he uttered; the which to be heard,
Would make you believe the boy told a lie
Or that he'd been working tricks on the sly.

When we entered court we looked all around
And then took our seat: while rang the loud
 sound
Of a big gavel, the sheriff had bought

For this one purpose. Now when we had caught
The words of the judge, whose face wore a smile
—That smile of course meant naught but the
court's style—

Said he: Are you ready? then we will hear
The Bloomer complaint. Have Joel come near.
His wife is not here! You say she can't come?
Well, here are her lawyers, what have they done?
"Done," said a big old fat fellow in brown:

"Done, why we've got the wife's story all down."
"Read it then quickly; for we must get through
And clear this docket of old things and new!"

The lawyer arose, he read: yes, he read;
And if you had been there, you could have said,
Her deposition was both good and bad;
And Joel's face was both cheerful and sad.

It told of their meeting and how her heart
Was captured at once; and she could not part:
So wedded the man, whom now she does blame;
And says she don't know just why she did game:
"But such was the fact, and we were then wed.
'A farm I got for my hand,' it is said.

And that's about so; for I wanted land.
Now would you e'er think I'd give him my
hand

For but his green self, without chink or farm?
If so, by such thoughts you do yourself harm.
When wedded he filled my purse full of cash;
And soon I was off to find a new mash."

"Go on!" cried the judge. "O, that is your
case;

Well Joel be sworn, and right about face.
Now tell me the whole of this little love;
That got you tangled off there with a dove."

"Well to begin it," Joe said, while a sigh
Was heaved from his breast; then with a voice
high,

He went on, and thus his story ran through;
From first to the last, it seemed to be true.

"Well," said he: "Well you know, I took a trip;
That was not much, you know; but for the nip
Of a dear girl who had wound me all up;
By a little game she played with a cup.

'Dices,' I think were the little white stones,
This game was played with—they may have
been bones—

Which, after some sparking she did propose:
And thinking her wise, I did as she chose,
And at it we went, she; for my money!
And I but for; for to please—My—Honey!

We sat by a table in Prospect Park;
We played and we chatted 'till I did mark
The hour was ten, when I did propose,
That she should wed me: but did she dispose
Of me or take me? Yes, with a sweet kiss,
She said: "Well, well Joe!" as I thought of
bliss

And seven heavens a taking me in;
She said: "but; but first let's see who will win,
And see who shall hold your fine little farm
Of some eighty acres. There is no harm
In letting me have it in my own name;
If I should win it love, by a fair game.
You know it don't matter when we are wed;
For we will be one, and it will be said,
That Joel, My Dear, has greatly surpassed
The husbands of wives, where our lot is cast;
And you will be praised for taking a part
In rights of women by deeds of your heart."
Then she shook the 'cup' and said: "First my
throw!

We will see the end and the winner know.
Each one will throw thrice and who counts the
more;
Will take in the farm the other gives o'er."

She threw, and I believe counted but ten.
I threw and thirteen was all I could pen.
She threw, and I threw, the third throw we took;
We summed up the whole which showed by
the book,

In all sixty-five, her count thirty-six.

"My stars! my sweet girl, this is a bad fix;
But land must be deeded and you be mine!"

So I said to her, and then we combine

To look for some men, to settle us down;

And these we procured, in city or town.

And when we were wed; not long before night,

My wife seemed to be not in a good plight;

And told me her trouble, said she: "My Joe

It may be well, and you truly should know,

Just what are my means, and what I do owe;

For this good landlord at once should be paid:

The balance I owe him has been delayed

And now must be settled. Do you agree

To let me go pay his claim? It will be

Fifty dollars I think. I'll go and see

If you will but give the fifty to me."

I gave her the cash, and out went the three;

Wife, money and deed. Now let us agree

That I from that time have not seen my wife;

Nor money, nor deed. That witch of my life!"

"Enough!" cried the judge: "I do not want more.
This case I think I have probed to the core,
And knowing defendant: knowing his tale;
I do not think that my judgment will fail
To treat him just right, and show all just why,
I don't wish further this plain case to try.
First let me but tell what I know of Joe:
And then we will see how this case must go.
'Twas but the last term of this court, that he
Defended himself, where Bess Latherbee
Was plaintiff. She has sued, and I guess got,
All the big damage her lawyers had sought;
For breach of a promise Joel had made.
One summer evening, while love in the shade
Was simple and sweet. Who has suffered more
Than this country swain? Look his lost loves
o'er!

There's Bess, she is married, that fact I know:
"Married?" "Yes, married! just how she came so,
I will not now say; but neighbors agree,
She is as happy as happy can be.
And as for Jane Bloomer, Joel's lost bride,
I do not know much; but seems she has tried
To take from this boy, by throwing of dice:

His land, and his all, and that in a trice.
The which, in the law—but law may be lame—
Won't pass; for it says: no winner at game,
Can sue in a court to get what was won,
So Jane is ahead; but money and fun.
She should be content, and never complain;
For she escapes well with not a cent gain.

To Joel I give a word of advice—
Which is—hereafter don't meddle with dice,
Or give up a lassie, whose worth you know;
For beauty or grace or pleasure or show."

THE COMPROMISE.

If you've been to see and kept your eye peeled,
You know to the start, that many lives yield!
You know it is said: as bends the small sprig,
So it will incline, when it has grown big.
A person or family or nation that find,
Their course to be down to ruin inclined,
May put on the breaks and sound the alarm,
Though nothing can save from impending harm.
I care not to moralize, only to say;
'Tis best to start right and travel that way!
And if that's your course, the end will reveal

A life worth living, with naught to conceal.
A life that's of thrift and brimful of worth,
Is what we call best; whatever it's birth!
That's what by this time young Joel had thought,
But now those hard truths more forcibly
wrought

Upon his ill humor. "No use," he said:
"I will be divorced and be again wed.
Two years, since the courts had hold of my name;
Now, for a new case, with parties the same.
I've got good advice, and all will go slick,
With plot in my head; I'll show them a trick:
I have not been schooled in law courts in vain,
And think I can fairly leave out smart Jane.
That widow I love! Love sounds very mild
For this growing passion, so fierce and wild.
She's dashing and pretty, and seems quite sweet;
With well fashioned hands, and figure petite.
'Tis only a year, since first I did see
This true love of mine, who says she loves me.
'Tis only six months since I told her true:
"I love no one else, no, no one but you."
'Tis only three months, it was at the fair
That I made a promise, both rash and rare
For this chap to make: I tremble with fear,

Lest it should turn out to cost me quite dear.
A promise it was with Madam Lou Bleau,
That rather sounds Frenchy: how she came so,
Was like this: You see she married a man;
Her father's name Bates, was changed by that
plan,
This union of souls made Bleau, out of Bates;
But unions won't last contrary to fates.
And now Madam Bleau says she will be mine:
'As sure as the day comes.' Won't it be fine?
She knows not of Jane or of that trip,
Nor does she know of the nip or the skip.
And would I tell her? Not for a small pile;
For that would block me, at least for a while.
But that divorce! Now it will take skill:
To push it safe through, without a cross-bill;
But I have plenty of that needed stuff,
And will shove along, though it does take bluff
To keep this from Madam, is a fine game:
She must not know it, or my plot is lame.
She lives from the court some ten leagues or
more,
I think it will work: she knew naught before!"
Some weeks had gone by, when some person said:
"A Notice! Divorce!" The paper I read,

And saw by reading the fun had begun;
And felt much inclined to let the thing run.
And on it did run, till one day a halt
Was called by Jane Bloomer; "the one in fault,"
So Joel said in the charge he had made—
This little charge that just then was delayed—
"He is my husband!" a shrill voice rang out.
"He shall know now, that his Jane is about!
He shall know too, that good council I've had;
And from the facts his case looks very bad!
He shall know too; for 'tis knowledge he lacks,
That I will stay here, and not soon make tracks!
He shall know too, that 'tis me he must keep:
I, his wife Jane, must his snug income reap!
I, his wife Jane, once so blooming and gay,
I, but an outcast, now come here to stay!
I must here admit, O, stranger with heart,
That in a good life I've had a small part.
I speak as it is: though dreadful, I know
The way I have gone great numbers do go;
Some very hurriedly, others quite slow.
The wreck and despair I've seen in my day
Is awful! and carries my thoughts far away
To that once loved home; to family and friend:
Who for my own good, their council did lend.

But business, is business, and in despair
I seek out this chap; who wedded me fair.
I'm done with the wreck and ruin of sin,
And mean as I can to house myself in!
To live with this man, if he will agree,
Or live all alone, while he supports me!
I have been advised, and know what's my right—
So Joel may choose, choose now before night.
In this law office we'll settle this bill
Or go into court and fight with a will.
"That's bus!" said her lawyer, once dressed in
brown,
"That's bus. Pay us off, or pay my fee down!"
"See, here are the papers! I'm Jane you see!
Why Joe! it appears you hardly know me.
Come hubby remember Niagara days,
Those 'dices' and tricks so cute in their ways.
You then were quite willing to shine and please.
Now try those old charms! Come let's see you
tease."
"You ruin and wreck! Why torment me more?"
Young Joel complained. "You seek my life's
core!
You hopeless poor dupe of misery and sin!
Do you think this chap would welcome you in?"

Do you think that I would accept this dreg?
If so, your self pride must come down a peg
I'll have the divorce, and pay you your price;
Though you should ask half what you won at
dice!

You name what you want, and I will agree:
That when I'm divorced, that is when I'm free,
You shall have just what I said I would pay—
Then you must with haste take yourself away."
"All right," she replied, "One thousand will do."
"I'm willing," he answered, "I'll not this deal
rue."

One thousand gold dollars, the contract said,
And both parties signed it, when they had read.
"One thousand gold dollars is no small sum
To give to an upstart cheat of a bum;
But one thousand dollars has been well paid"—
So Joe reflected—"if from that bad trade
I will be free as in days long gone by;
Free to contract and make a new tie,
Free to be loved, fondly cherished and blest:
By some one of truth, as good as the best.
Some lessons I've learned, and paid for them
well;
And hope that in time their profit will tell.

And now let me say to all young and raw,
Know well whom you marry! Make that your
law."

The scene ended here and all went their way,
To 'wait the result of some future day:
Which, I have since learned, was fixed as agreed;
Save that the widow did order more weed,
And that Jane's lawyer, to pay his full bill,
Took half of the gold they got from Joe's till.

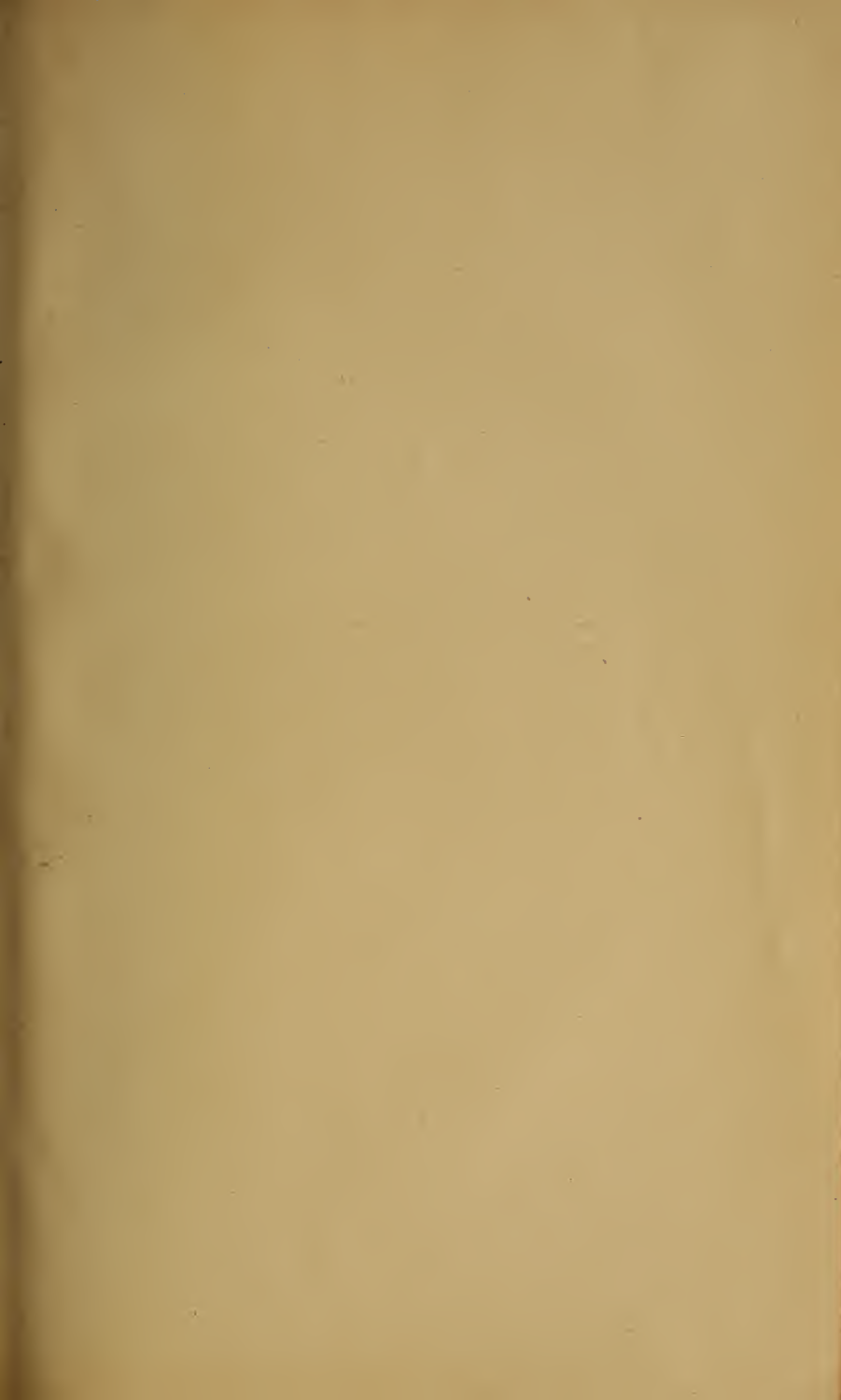


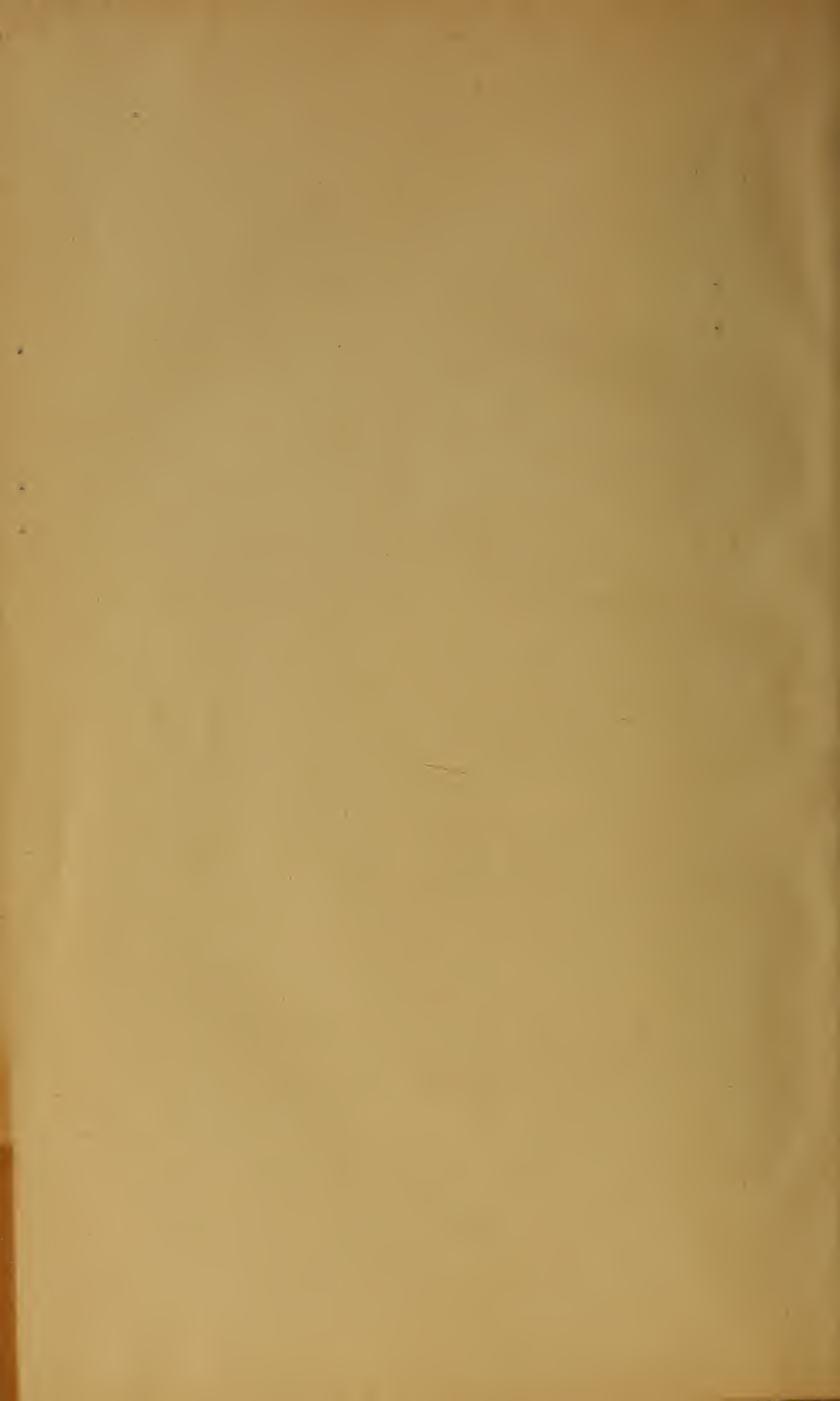
NOTICE.

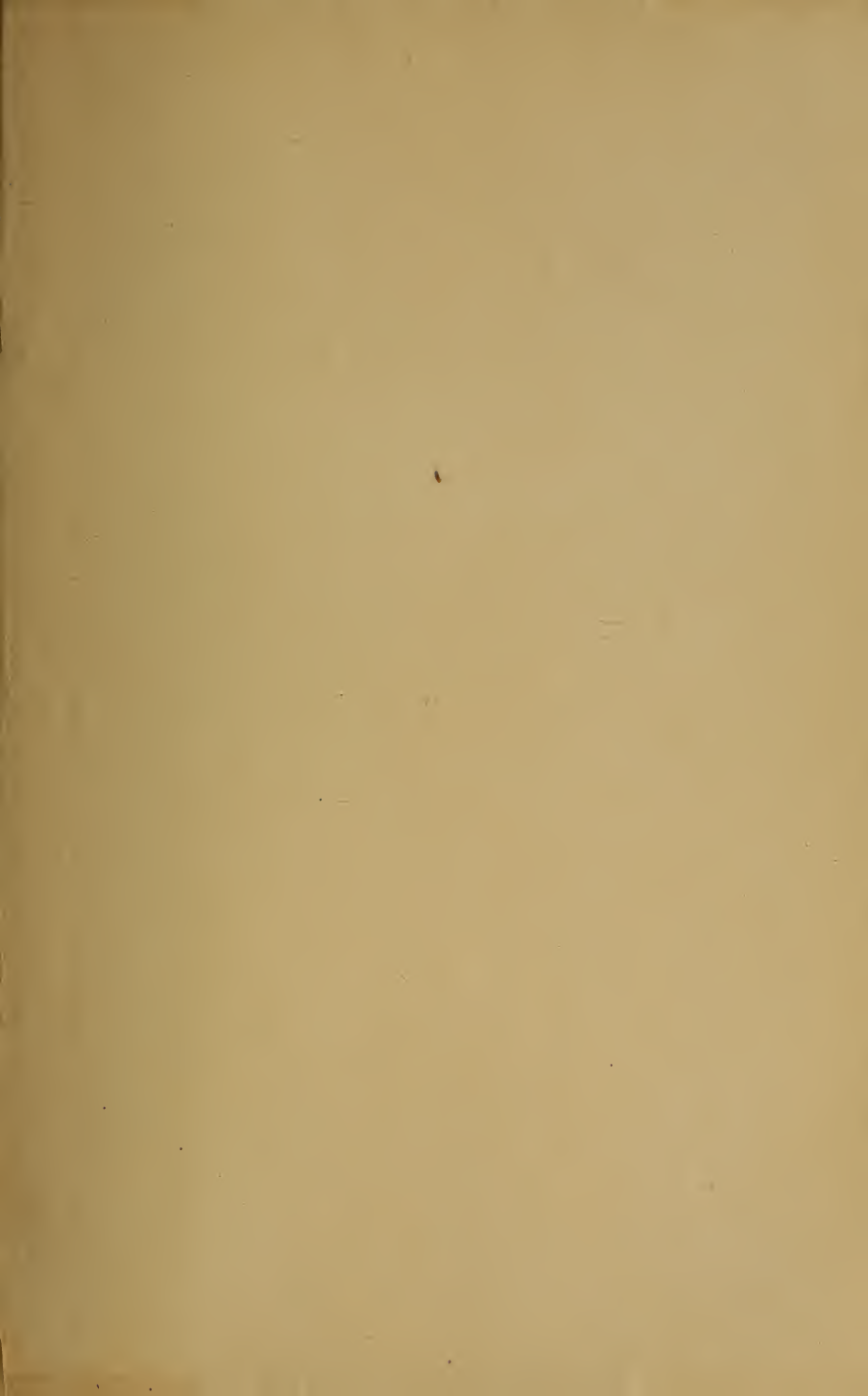
The author and publisher of "JOEL'S EXCURSION," is also the author and publisher of that very original work, titled "Machinery of the Heavens," which gives reasons for the motions of planets, comets and the ocean tides, and shows how the earth and other members of the solar system may have developed from nebulous cometary wanderers.

"Joel's Excursion" and "Machinery of the Heavens" are for sale by book dealers and by the Author and Publisher.

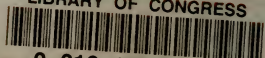








LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 016 165 551 A